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MAY 2, 1926

Queen of the May

By Hattie Vose Hall

NAN HOLMES was in a brown study, so busy with her thoughts that she hardly heard the tap of the bell announcing the close of school, but she rose with the others, and passed into the dressing-room.

"What's up now, Nan? I know by your looks you have your thinking-cap on!" And Kate Downes, Nan's chum and classmate, took her by the arm, and they hurried downstairs together.

"Well, I have, Kate! I'm thinking about the May Queen. You know we have never had one before, but Miss Rivers wants us to this year. She says it is a fine old custom, and we New Englanders should not willingly let it die out."

Kate nodded. "I think she's right. You know they used to have it; it tells about the 'Maypole at Merrymount' in one of Hawthorne's books we had in our English reading last year. Don't you want it?"

"Yes, indeed I do," answered Nan, emphatically; "but I think the trouble will come from selecting a queen. Every last girl will want to be it," she said, with a frank laugh. They had reached Nan's home by this time, and the two girls went up the walk to the back veranda and sat down upon the steps. It was the first of May, and the day was mild. "Don't you think so?" added Nan.

Kate smiled. "Well, I don't suppose there's one of us who wouldn't like to be the Queen of May, and wear a pretty dress, and have all the rest of the school render homage. But I suppose Miss Rivers will be the one who has the appointing power, don't you?"

Nan shook her head, with a rueful smile. "That's just the matter. She has the appointing power, and she's appointed me to select the girl most fit, from our class. She says it should be a Senior, for it is an office of dignity."

Kate gave a sigh of mock resignation. "That lets me out, I'm afraid! I have not the least claim to dignity! I guess a person with a pug nose and only four-foot-ten can't be dignified!"

"It seems to me it should be a tall girl, queenly in her bearing, with a sweet face," Nan went on; "but there's no one in our class I should describe as queenly, really. Hortense Reed is our class beauty, of course, but I'd rather have some one with a little more expression in her face. Then there's Lou Rand, she's tall, but she's so dark! I always think of a May Queen as fair, don't you?"



The First o' May

By CHARLOTTE NEWCOMB PARKER

The First o' May our baskets gay,
We'll hang — then quickly run away
And hide to see if they will find
The pretty gifts we left behind!
They'll look for us 'most everywhere
Saying, "Who could have left it there?"

Then in the baskets they will see
Candies — made by Sue and me,
Spice cookies and small frosted cakes,
The kind our mother always makes,
And maybe peanuts, too, and gum —
If Daddy thinks to bring us some.

Our mother says "It's fine to make
Such jolly gifts for Friendship's sake."
It's fun to make them, that is true,
We've all of us enjoyed it too,
But isn't it the "mostest" fun
To ring the door-bell quick — and run!

Kate considered a moment, then said frankly. "Really, Nan, there's no one in the class who can compare with you as a May Queen! What if your hair is dark? You've got heaps of it, and it's lovely! I wish Miss Rivers had asked me to select a girl, I'd have answered her so quick she'd have had the surprise of her life!"

Nan paused before replying. She had felt an innocent desire to be selected as queen, when Miss Rivers had first spoken of her plan, and she had had a discontented moment when her teacher had charged her with the duty of selection, which of course made it impossible for her to have the coveted honor. If she had known it, Miss Rivers had paid her a compliment in thus selecting her, for she knew Nan would give the matter her conscientious attention, regardless of the fact that she herself would be out of the running.

"I'll try to be fair, but I have three days — if I need it — to decide the thing, and here's hoping the best girl wins! Of course this really — maypole and queen and all — should come the first day of May, but we have to make allowance for climate, and we have two weeks to prepare. I think it will be lovely. Charlotte Dare knows the maypole dance, and we are going to ask the parents, and the younger schools, to see it. I think our playground will be full," and Nan smiled in pleasant anticipation.

"Well, I must run home to supper," said Kate, rising. "Miss Rivers asked me to be one of the dancers, so I guess she didn't want a pug-nosed queen, anyway. Don't forget to come over after supper — we'll make fudge," and she was gone.

Nan didn't forget, and the fudge, which was excellent, was eaten with appreciation by both girls and by Kate's three small brothers who were hilariously happy. You're going to have a May Queen, aren't you?" asked Tom, the eldest, munching fudge and leaning on the arm of Nan's chair.

"Who'th it going to be?" lisped Freddy, who was sitting up ten minutes past his bed-time. "Ith it Thitther Kate?"

"No such good luck, little brother," laughed Kate.

"I think it ought to be Nan," announced Elden. "She's the tallest girl in the class, and she'd make a dandy one."

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Kate's mother, coming to get Freddy, and the girls turned to their Virgil lesson.

But long after Nan had gone to bed she kept awake, thinking of her puzzling problem. She was a very honest girl, and down in her heart she knew that the reason she did not wish to give Hortense Reed the honor of being May Queen was not because she had "no expression" but because she did not care for Hortense. Why? Was she a little envious of her beauty? Nan prided herself upon the fact that she did not have a jealous or envious streak in her whole make-up but it certainly made her a little unhappy to think of Hortense as queen. She was accustomed to reason things out with herself, so now she set herself to the task. It was absurd to think of a little thing like Kate as queen, though Nan would far rather give it to her. Lou Rand looked like an Indian; she would never do. Bertha Small and Grace Verrill and Ina Smith were all too plain. Little Fan Harris was as broad as she was long. Nan sat up in bed; her innate sense of fairness impelled her to "judge righteous judgment": "Is there any real reason why Hortense Reed shouldn't be May Queen? she asked aloud.

"No, except I don't want her to be," she answered herself.

"Is there any reason, because you can't be it yourself, that she shouldn't have the pleasure?"

"No."

"Well, then, don't be a dog in the manger, Nan Holmes!"

Nan jumped out of bed, turned on the light, went to her desk and took a sheet of paper, wrote something on it, turned out the light and hopped into bed. The next thing she knew the sun was shining on her pillow.

She remembered her struggle of the night before, and made a little wry face as she read the slip on her desk. It ran: "Hortense Reed is going to be Queen of the May, and you can't change your mind tomorrow morning!"

Nan laughed blithely. "Well, I don't want to!" she said.

Miss Rivers seemed much pleased with Nan's choice, and she announced it to the school right after prayers. She did not say how the choice had been made. She was a wise young woman, and she understood girls. She was a born teacher, and the girls in the little academy loved her, without analyzing their motives for doing so. Hortense Reed was happy, and she had her costume for the momentous occasion planned before she

Dandelion Gold

BY MABEL S. MERRILL

Grandma Dandelion wears
Feathers in her cap,
Soft enough to make a bed
For a fairy's nap.
But she gives them all away
When the Wind comes by;
You may see them everywhere,
Sailing low and high.
Each white feather bears a seed,
Very neat and small,
And the busy, merry Wind
Tries to plant them all.
Grandma stands bareheaded now,
But she doesn't care,
For she says there'll be, next spring,
Gold to spend and spare.

went home at noon, even to her shoe-buckles. Miss Rivers read the names of the couples who were to be in the Maypole dance, just before school closed. Nan listened eagerly. Kate Downes and Frank Armstrong, George Thaxter and Irma Willis, Thelma Spear and Tom Baxter, and Grace Yates and Dan Kent. She opened her Virgil, then closed it aimlessly. Not a thing for her! She was a leader, and if she wasn't handsome enough for the queen, she was passably pretty. She looked at Miss Rivers a trifle resentfully. Then she shrugged her shoulders. Her little act of renunciation wasn't appreciated, if it had been, Miss Rivers would have put her in the dance — it wasn't much fun to be a mere looker-on! But Nan was a cheerful girl, and her resentment was not lasting. Three minutes later she was telling Hortense that she thought she would be a fine queen — which was a true statement of the case.

Hillside Academy was full of the May Festival, for there were to be other features beside the May Queen and the Maypole dance. Each class was to have a booth, with cakes and candy for sale, and some of the more ambitious girls were making various fancy articles to swell the list of sales, for the proceeds were to go — as all things of the sort had since the reign of Miss Rivers — two-thirds to the school, to use in whatever manner the school voted, and the other third to charity. Miss Rivers' face was well known by the side of sickbeds, and she was always a most welcome visitor, whether she brought jellies and jams or just her own lovely personality into the sick-room. The fifteenth of May dawned brightly, and the weather was warm. The townspeople generally came to the playground, and were interested witnesses of the Maypole dance. The boys and girls in their gay costumes, the girls in red and white, and the boys in gay yellow suits made a pretty picture as they wound the tall Maypole with red

and white streamers, dancing the time-honored dance, and the parents and friends gazed with admiration.

The crowning of the queen was a dignified ceremony and Hortense Reed made a lovely picture in her all-white gown, shoes, and stockings, her beautiful golden hair a lovely background for the pink mayflower crown. Even Nan could not have said her face lacked expression then, for her eyes were shining with happiness. All the booths did a flourishing business, and when the gains were counted, there was enough in "the charity third" to help Miss Rivers substantially in the cheer she would bring the sick. Nan Holmes had a beautiful time at the Festival. She sold more than any one else, at her booth, for she was the most popular girl in school and fudge and peanuts seemed to gain an additional flavor at her hands.

Old John Green, who was a privileged village character, told her mother, who was standing near her booth, that the reason he liked to trade with Nan was that she was always smiling, and had a kind word for everyone.

"I can't see why they didn't make her the queen — sure she's queen of 'em all," he said, as he hobbled away. Nan never forgot to ask him about his rheumatism, and his rheumatism was an important matter to him.

One lovely day, just before the summer vacation, Miss Rivers asked Nan to go with her to call on some sick people, and when they had made their visits they walked home together. It was a long walk, for crippled Mrs. Gray, the last they went to see, lived up on Elm Hill, a mile out of the village. They sat down on a rock, by a clump of trees near the top of the hill, to admire the view. Suddenly Miss Rivers said, smiling at her companion, "I have never thanked you properly, Nan, for your selection of the May Queen. Hortense made a lovely one, and I hoped she would be chosen. That was why I gave the task to you, for I felt no other girl would be really so very fair as I knew you would be. And you deserve credit also, because she isn't a favorite friend of yours."

Nan's attractive face flushed at the praise of her teacher, for it is always sweet to be commended by those we love, but she said, honestly, "You mustn't think I did it without a struggle! I'd rather have given it to half-a-dozen other girls; but I did it for my own sake; you have to live with yourself, you know, and you've got to be decent company!"

Straight Going

"Who was the straightest man of Bible times?"

Answer — "Joseph, because the Pharaoh made a ruler out of him." — *West Point Pointer.*

Aunt Flora's Flower Chats

The Saxifrages

By Harriette Wilbur

AN ARROW strip of green and white on a big gray rock caught Bobby's eye, on one of their jaunts to Poplar Dell.

"Why, I thought it was moss," he reported after closer study. "But it's plants, — leaves and flowers!"

"What would you say to 'stone-break' for its name?" asked his aunt, as they stood looking down at the pretty seaming of the rock.

"I'd say it's a good name. 'Specially if it really made that crack in that big rock."

"Perhaps not. But because it grows in the cracks of rocks and was once supposed to cause the breaks, the plant was named by the Latin peoples from *saxum*, rock, and *frangere*, to break, — *saxum-frangere*, or saxifrage."

"*Frage* — things are fragile, we say, when they break easily," Bessie felt very proud of this bit of reasoning.

"Just so. Not all members of the saxifrage family grow in the crevices of rocks. Yet it makes a good name for some of them. This is the Virginia, or Early, Saxifrage. Perhaps you will meet others later."

"Glad to know you, Miss Saxifrage," said Bessie with a deep bow. "I think you're very brave to try to live on a rock."

"Of course, soil sifts into the cracks, Bessie, which gives the seeds and roots sufficient footing. Shall we study the plant?"

"Let's!"

So the three sat down on the warm rock, and basked in the April sunshine quite as happily as saxifrage plants. Indeed, before long, Bobby declared he felt as though he might grow roots and become a saxifrage himself.

Saxifrage was a cluster of small white flowers crowning a bare, upstanding little stalk which rose from a mat of green leaves.

The cluster of flowers was made of smaller clusters, each blossom in a tuft being set on a short stem of its own. Five tiny white petals arranged starlike around a tuft of yellow made a flower.

"Dainty as frostwork," Aunt Flora said of the tiny flowers. "Frost stars against the gray rock."

"But the butterflies know better." Bessie pointed to rocks beyond, where the saxifrage stars were being visited by hovering butterflies whose dark wings banded with yellow made a rich contrast with the fairy-like flowers.

"And bees," added Bobby, indicating a burly bumblebee buzzing about a flower-clump on an adjoining rock.

"One advantage of being an early blossoming plant, particularly when small and not very showy."

"Um-um, — get started before the showier flowers come on," nodded Bobby.

The tuft of leaves at the foot of the flower-stalk looked quite capable of supporting it. Thick, almost leathery, with a broad stem and prettily toothed tip, each leaf was small, but the rosette dense, and a brilliant green against the gray rock.

When Bobby pulled up one of the

rubbing against it as the wind blows the little mast above."

"Um-um, like a ship, — low in the water to be safe."

"Say, saxifrage is a plant with a head, all right!"

"We must find some saxifrages growing in less sunny places. For when very young the plant looks rather different from these blossomed ones."

Everybody looked, and soon Bessie found just what Aunt Flora wanted them to see.

The less developed plant has a tuft of green leaves, resembling circles of ruffled emerald velvet. At the center of the rosette was a cluster of hairy buds, like tiny plush balls. Other plants farther



little plants, he found a tuft of small rootlets growing just underneath the green rosette. They were thread-like, for their chief business was to provide the plant with food and water.

"You can imagine why the leaves grow in a tuft rather than along the stem," Aunt Flora hinted.

"To be close to the rock?" Bobby guessed.

"And if the rock is damp from snow or rain, the leaves will help hold the water!" Had Bessie discovered a gold nugget she couldn't have sparkled more just then.

"So far, very good. Anything else?"

The children looked wise, wrinkled their noses. Soon Bobby burst out excitedly:

"I know. When the wind blows, the leaves will help hold the roots in the crack by sticking to the rock."

"Just so. If they were on the stalk, their weight might prove too much for the roots. As it is, they give the plant balance, while sticking to the rock and

on in their blossoming showed the flower-stem lengthening to lift the buds higher above the rock.

"We must come this way again, when the pods are set. Then the flower-stalk is tipped with rich purple-brown knots instead of white stars. Also, the foliage turns red, or at least, some of the leaves are scarlet against the green and gray."

"They must look like embroidery work on the rocks," said Bessie.

One day in a moist woodland they found the Swamp Saxifrage. Not a stone-breaker at all, but having some resemblance in leaf and greenish-yellow flowers to its prettier rock-dwelling sister.

Aunt Flora said the London Pride in Grandfather's old-fashioned garden is a famous cultivated saxifrage of Europe.

London Pride had the same wedge of leaves as the Early Saxifrage of the woodland rocks. But it measured nearly a foot across, and was of a thick, leathery texture.

(Continued on page 189)

THE BEACON

MARIE W. JOHNSON, ACTING EDITOR,
16 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May

BY ELEANOR HAMMOND

IF you had lived in England some hundreds of years ago, back in the days before the Norman Conquest, back in the time when the Vikings were sailing the sea in their "long boats," you would have spoken quite a different language from the English you speak today. We still use some of the old Saxon words, but many of them have been replaced by words of Latin derivation, and even those that have come down to us from the Saxon are generally changed in form.

The name for the month of May is one of the words that was quite different in the old speech of England. Our Saxon ancestors called the month "Tri-Milchi" — which means "three milkings." The reason for this queer name was that in May the grass grows long and lush and the cattle have an abundance of green pasture. The extra food made the cows give more milk during that month than at any other time in the year, and their owners were accustomed to milk them three times a day — instead of twice. So they call May the month of three milkings.

It was not until later that the Latin name for the month, which the Romans had given in honor of their goddess "Maia," was introduced in England and became part of our language.

News from the Schools

In Brookfield, Mass., transportation is provided for children who would otherwise be unable to attend the church school, with the result that the school has grown from a mere handful to a membership of 102. A father whose children had never been able to attend church or Sunday school recently said, "The finest thing any church has ever done is to give the children a chance to go to Sunday school." With this increase of interest in the school has come a renewed interest in the church service and a greatly increased attendance.

The Adult Class of the First Unitarian Sunday School of Erie, Pa., is composed of about thirty members, twenty-five of whom are regular attendants. This year the class is discussing current events. They are also reading and discussing "Evolution and John Doe," and "Why We Behave Like Human Beings."

The school of the First Unitarian

What Do You Want?

By RUFUS M. JONES

A young person in our America can attain almost any goal of life upon which he concentrates his mind and the united purposes of his will. The real difficulty, therefore, is to decide what to aim at. Once that choice is made and the whole life has *lined up behind it*, the achievement of the aim is almost certain to follow. There is a beatitude of Christ which says that you can get what you hunger and thirst for. But it needs hardly to be said that great goals are not won by loafers and dreamers. All the powers and capacities of the awakened life must be drawn upon, and those things which weaken or divide the life must be cut out and all other rivals for first place in the mind must be put out of the field. If you know what you want and really want it you can have it. The hard tug comes in making up your mind what it is you want. You must not waver back and forth. You must not desire now this aim and then some new fancy which strikes you. You must not chase butterflies hither and yon. If you are going to arrive at a *real goal of life* you must know what you want and go after it with a concentrated purpose. What shall it be? What are the choices?

It is possible to be rich or to be happy or to be famous or to be wise or to be good. Once in a great while some one comes who attains them all. But it is too much to expect that you will get such a total. I feel sure that the thing you will miss most, if you *should* miss it, is just that simple thing we call being *good* — the highest thing we know in the universe is a good person. It is much more important to make a life — a good life — than it is to make the greatest fortune, and if you do make a good life you will be pretty sure also to be happy, to be wise and to be loved. These are the best things there are to want, and if you want them enough you will certainly have them. The universe backs the person who goes out to make that goal.

This is the sixth of a series of articles to the youth of the nation by leaders who are prominent in public life because of their devotion to the progress of humanity.

Dr. Rufus M. Jones is a Quaker. He was born in the little town of South China, Maine, and has devoted his life to that noble calling — the service of teaching. He has studied in a number of universities in America, and at the University of Heidelberg, Germany. In recognition of his attainments in the field of education, he was honored with the degree of Doctor of Literature by Penn College. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, the honorary society composed of those men and women who have won distinction in their college courses. In addition to teaching he is a very successful writer of worthwhile books for young people.

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Church, Oakland, California, has just finished an attendance-and-membership

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contest, the boys contesting against the girls. The boys won by a score of 403 to 392 and, as a reward, are to be treated to an all-day picnic at one of the public playgrounds, the girls providing the "eats" and the program for the day. One of the features of the day will be a baseball game, the boys versus the girls, the latter being the challengers.

Character is more than achievement, and it is not an inheritance. It is a construction. What we do today determines what we are tomorrow. — *Matthias L. Haines.*

RIGHT after Gigi had left the royal suite William, tired out with his kingly labors, threw himself on the bed and fell asleep at once.

Alas for William Smith, king of all the Bungalians! While he was lying there, oblivious of all things, Sapp and the other ministers, summoned hastily by the Minister of the Interior, were in one of the lower rooms with their heads together.

"It's scandalous!" Manx was saying. (That is the only English equivalent for the word that he used.) "Gigi was in to see me not ten minutes ago, and I had to give him money! I, the Minister of the Exchequer!"

"Things have come to a pretty pass," observed Lax drily.

"I know it! I know it!" declared Sapp. "Everything is being done wrong! Banquets, banquets, oh, those banquets!" He held his head with both hands and swayed from side to side.

"Now, gentlemen," he resumed at last, "it is largely because of those banquets that I've called you together. I am desperate. We must act!"

"How many acts are there to be, and what are they?" inquired Lax, who was a bit of a wag.

"There will be three," replied Sapp. "First act, we kidnap the young king and the general! Second act, we imprison them in Castle Bludstone! Third act, I am crowned king at the festivities next Saturday!"

"The play's all right except for the last act," observed Lax.

"What would you have?" cried Sapp, in a rage.

"Lax as king," replied the Chancellor.

"I'd prefer Von Gloom as king," added the Minister of War.

"Manx as king," said the man of money.

"And I'd, oh, much prefer Glum as king!" added the Minister of State.

"Very well," said Sapp, "if I can't be king, I'll go over to the other side and bare the plot! What would happen to you then?"

"Oh, have your own way," agreed the Chancellor. "Let it be King Sapp by all means." And the others nodded.

"Very well," said the Minister of the Interior. "Now for the first act."

They procured several pieces of cloth, including a flour bag, and also a few lengths of rope. Then, like so many cats, they trooped up the stairs to where William lay sleeping. Good luck seemed to be with them; the only servant on duty, seeing that the young king was asleep, had gone down to the royal kitchen, where one of the scullery maids was in the habit of feeding him doughnuts.

Sapp opened the door softly and peered

His Majesty William Smith

*By Russell Gordon Carter

CHAPTER VII

in; at sight of the sleeping boy he rubbed his hands. Then he entered, and the others followed stealthily. In less than a quarter of a minute their royal master was safe in their power, and they were congratulating one another.

William, who had been dreaming of the events of the day, awoke with a jump — that is, it seemed like a jump. As a matter of fact, he couldn't move. His hands and feet were bound, and there was a gag on his mouth. He was sitting up in bed, and in front of him, gazing at him in triumph, were all the members of the privy council!

"Hist!" said Sapp at that moment, listening attentively. "Footsteps — Gigi — make ready!"

Poor William, unable to cry out, unable to move a finger, saw his false advisers gather close to the door. Sapp was holding the flour bag. Lax and Manx each had a short length of rope. Von Gloom had a large silk handkerchief. Both of Glum's hands were free.

The footsteps ceased. A knock sounded at the door, and with a vigorous pull Glum swung it open. At the same instant the four others hurled themselves outside. William had a brief glimpse of the old general's white hair, and for the next minute listened in agony to the sounds of a terrible scuffle. Then he heard Sapp's voice: "Inside with him!"

Lax and Manx, panting and dishevelled, came in leading the general between them; his mouth was gagged, and his hands were tied behind his back. The Chancellor pushed him into a chair, where he sat glaring from one to another of his captors. Then he looked at William, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Now," said Sapp crisply, untying the rope that bound William's feet, "out with them!"

Lax grinned. "The first act has been a great success," he said. "I think perhaps I'm going to enjoy the whole play."

"I, too," said Glum. "I love tragedy!"

William's glance met that of the general. It was clear that the old man was stunned at the audacious villainy of the privy councillors. Such an act of treasonable daring had never before happened in the long history of the kingdom.

At a word from Sapp the boy followed him through the doorway. The Minister of the Interior led the way down the dimly lighted corridor. Gigi marched behind his king, and the others formed a rear guard.

The hour and the night were both favorable for their villainous enterprise. It was close to midnight, and no one was

in the streets, rain was falling, and a heavy fog was blowing in from the river. Through narrow and gloomy streets and alleys Sapp and the other conspirators conducted their captives, then out across the barren moorlands for half a mile or so. Presently they began to ascend a sparsely wooded hillside.

It was all like a dream to William. As he stumbled forward in the darkness he thought of many things — of the plans that he had been making to please his people, of the gay court life that he might be leaving forever; but especially he thought of Mary Jones, who was to have been queen. Poor Mary! What would become of her now?

Then something black and heavy loomed ahead. The party halted. Hinges creaked rustily. Sapp gave an order, and William, King of all the Bungalians, was a prisoner with his general in the ruined and deserted Castle Bludstone on the hill overlooking the city.

(To be continued)

Aunt Flora's Flower Chats

(Continued from page 187)

Each leaf was beautifully scalloped about the edge, as though done by an expert embroiderer. The flowers were pink, with spots of darker color mottling the rounded petals. Bessie admired the seed-pods, — like little beaked jars sitting atop their tiny stems.

Another saxifrage formed a hanging-basket on Mrs. Moore's porch. Aunt Flora said it was a Chinese saxifrage, though people had invented more fanciful names for it, such as Beefsteak saxifrage, Strawberry Geranium, Wandering Jew, Mother of Thousands, and Sailor Plant.

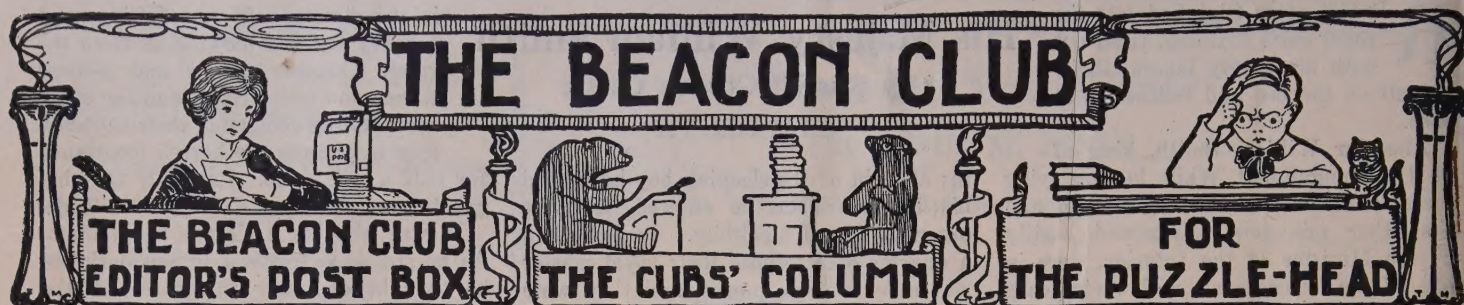
The roundish, hairy leaves, purplish below and mottled above, accounted for the name Beefsteak. It formed thread-like runners, a foot or more long, hanging from the plant, with a bud, or a whole plant, growing at the tip of the runner, — hence "Wandering Jew," "Mother of Thousands," and "Sailor Plant."

Mrs. Moore gave Bessie a swaying "sailor" to start a hanging-basket of her own. The flowers were white, with two petals longer than the others so that they hung down like flapping ears. Pink and yellow spots ornamented the petals. So Bessie was in time very proud of her pretty hanging-basket.

Previous Experience

A little girl crossing the ocean with her mother, for the first time, encountered very unpleasant sailing. A storm arose and the great ocean liner was tossed about by the huge waves. Soon the little girl came to her mother and asked:

"What's the matter? Are we going on a detour?" — *The American Girl.*



Dear Friendly Scribblers:

How good you were to respond so generously to my request! Hazel's letter tells you how much she appreciates what you did for her. Thank you, one and all.

THE EDITOR.

DODSON, VIRGINIA.

Dear Editor: I thank you very much for printing my letter in *The Beacon*, and for asking the other members to send me "something to read" for my birthday. I have received lots of nice letters and many good books, which I have enjoyed so much. Also, I have received all the bundles of *Beacons* that you have sent to me, and I appreciated them very much.

One girl sent me a large stack of *Beacons* and I have sewed them together, and I, as well as my little sisters and brothers, enjoy them so much. I find in reading over my *Beacons* that I have lost a great deal in not having it all along.

I was so sorry to read of Miss Buck's death. She was the editor when I wrote before.

Thank you, mother did get some better, but I couldn't go back to school. There are so many younger ones that need to be in school, and after her illness I didn't have anything to go on, as it took nearly everything we had to pay her bills and live this winter. You know it is so hard for us to get along without a father.

I have written several new members as you requested. I have gotten many happy hours out of reading the nice letters, books, and *Beacons* that I received. One girl sent me this note paper for a birthday present.

Thank you again for the *Beacons*. Ruth Lyman of Massachusetts is sending me her copy of *The Beacon* each week. With every good wish for your nice little paper, I am,

An interested reader,

HAZEL COX.

8 MASON STREET,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am seven years old and I have been to your office. I like the story of "His Majesty William Smith" because that is my daddy's name. I would love to join the Beacon Club and have a button.

Your friend,

MARGERY W. SMITH.

Dear Cubs:

Winners of the award, this week, are Jennie Kribstock, of Bethel, Vt., who sends us a timely bit of verse about maple-sugar days, and Sally Davis, of Concord, Mass., for her little story of "The Birds' Tea-Party."

THE EDITOR.

Making Maple Sugar

BY JENNIE KRIBSTOCK

Springtime is coming,
I wish it were here —
The happiest time
In the whole long year.

When we hitch up old Billy
And Prince to the sled
And break out the roads
To the old sugar shed.

We scatter the buckets,
Ma solders the pans,
We work just as fast
And as hard as we can.

When everything's ready
And trees are all tapped,
Ma does the boiling,
While we gather sap.

And in a short time,
When sugarin's done,
We'll wash up the tools
And count up the run.

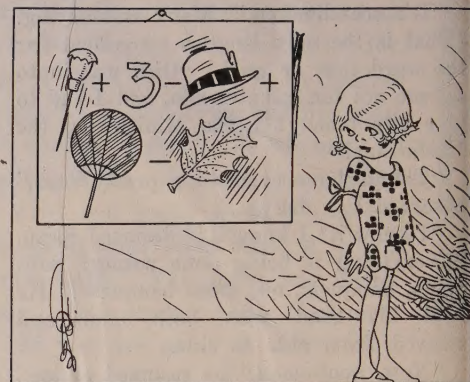
We'll drive to the city,
For it's not very far.
We'll sell our new sugar
And buy a new car.



The Birds' Tea-Party

BY SALLY DAVIS (AGE 9)

MRS. ROBIN had been very busy that morning, getting ready for the party. When at last everything was ready, there was a knock at the door. Mrs. Robin went to open it. It was Mr. and Mrs. Blue-Jay and the twins. When everybody had come, Mrs. Robin brought in the tea and cakes. Everyone ate and said the tea and cakes were very good. Then it was time to go home. Everybody said they had had a very nice time.



Bird Puzzle

Add and subtract the letters used to spell the names of the objects, just as shown. If you do this correctly you will have as a result the name of a well known singing bird. What is it?

WALTER WELLMAN.

Enigma

My 37, 7, 39 represents yourself.
My 30, 6, 8, 9, 26, 11 is a big part of the family.
My 14, 3, 31, 12 is made with soap.
My 21, 10, 13, 25, 29 is depart.
My 1, 32, 18, 34 is an antonym to up.
My 16, 17, 27 is not in.
My 5, 2, 38 is also.
My 23, 24, 4, 22, 15 is not awkward.
My 20, 4, 35, 36 is reaching to.
My 28, 19, 33, 11 is sixty minutes.
My whole is a well-known saying of thirty-nine letters.

—The Target.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 29

Enigma. — Manchester.

Anagram Verse. —

Full many a gem, of purest ray
serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean
bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush
unseen
And waste its sweetness on the
desert air.

A Spring Flower Charade. — Hyacinth.

Twisted Dogs. — 1. Saint Bernard.
2. Collie. 3. German Police. 4. Airedale.
5. Russian Wolfhound. 6. Bulldog.
7. Wire-haired Fox Terrier. 8. Boston
Terrier. 9. English Setter. 10. Pekinese.